"Let me see," said the latter, as a gleam of intelligence flitted across his face. "Ye hadvertised, I believe, for one as must be well acquainted with the neighborhood, didn't ye?"

"I did," replied the old gentleman, shortly. "I want someone who knows his way about."

"Ah, that explains it!" was the answer. "Ye see, them as knows the neighborhood 'ud know you, too!"

AN EXSTRAWDINARY AFFAIR.

Flushed and breathless, the bloom of sport upon his cheek, the panting, bald-pated twenty-stoner picked up the "straw" he had been chasing down the street, and then leant up against a lamp-post to gain breath.

It had been a desperate chase, but, thank goodness, he had his hat at last! Phew!

Another, also breathing heavily, came pounding up and snatched the headgear out of his hand.

"Much obliged!" gasped the new-comer.

"For what?"

"This is my hat."

"Your hat!" gasped the twenty-stoner. "Then where is mine?"

"Behind you," replied the other, "at the end of a string."

And then, for the first time, the twenty-stoner remembered the hatguard his winsome wife had made him wear.

THE BITER BIT AGAIN.

A local celebrity whose meanness was a byword felt obliged to make a present to one of his lady friends on the occasion of her marriage.

He entered a crockery shop for the purpose of making a purchase. Seeing a valuable statuette broken into a dozen pieces lying on the counter, he asked the price. The salesman said it was worthless, but he could have it for the cost of packing it in a box.

The mean one directed it to be sent with his card to the lady, congratulating himself that she would imagine it was broken while on its way to her.

He was at her house when the box arrived, but the effect was hardly what he had expected. The tradesman had carefully wrapped each piece in a separate sheet of paper!

SMILE RAISERS.

Mrs. Scrubbs (to tramp): "Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

Tramp: "That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him."

Townly: "Do you often have to rush to catch your morning train?"

Subbubs: "Oh, it's about an even break. Sometimes I am standing at the station when the train puffs up, and other times it is standing at the station when I puff up."

"Pa, what's an actor?"

"An actor, my boy, is a person who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings at a group of other actors waiting for their cues, a number of bored stage hands and a lot of theatrical odds and ends, and exclaim, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"

Little Mary came into the house bedraggled and weeping.

"My goodness," cried her mother; "what a sight you are! How did it happen?"

"I am s-sorry, mamma, but I fell into a mud-puddle."

"What! with your best new dress on?"

"Y-y-yes, I didn't have time to change it."

Mrs. Caller: "I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?"

Mrs. Proud-Mother: "Oh, yes. Mary is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up; she's unanimous to everybody, and she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in, *nom de plume*, and you know that makes one feel so comfortable!"

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

THE ARDAGH CHALICE.

The following extracts, descriptive of the world-famed Ardagh Chalice, are taken from Coffey's *Guide to the Royal Irish Academy Collection of Celtic Antiquities Preserved in the National Museum, Dublin.* It is difficult, as one reads of the perfection of workmanship, the beauty of design, and the wealth of ornament to be found in this masterpiece, to realise that it was made over 1000 years ago. Its date is uncertain, but it would appear, from expert verdicts, to belong to the eighth or early ninth century.

"The chalice is composed chiefly of gold, silver, and bronze, with rich settings of enamel and amber. In its construction 354 different pieces, with 20 rivets, are included. The band that surrounds the bowl, between the two silver rings, consist of panels of fine filigree work, divided by half-beads of cloisonne enamel. The ornaments on each side of the chalice are divided into panels and decorated with gold spirals, which are finely beaded. In the centres are fine cloisonne enamels, and on the margin of the circle are four small settings, two of amber and two of blue glass. The stem of gilt bronze is decorated with interlaced work. The very beautiful design on the under side of the foot is richly ornamented with interlaced patterns trumpet and zoomorphic ornament, the two last divided by a circle of amber surrounding a large crystal set in a second circle of amber. Below each handle are three fine bosses of cloisonne enamel, each surrounded by a circle of amber. The centres of the lowest of these bosses are filled with large gold granulae work, impressed on the enamel when soft."

THE FLY'S TONGUE.

The so-called tongue of the fly is not truly a tongue, but a tube with an expanded end, which the scientists term a "ligula." Through this ligula the fly obtains its nourishment. The fly does not need to get down to its food, but draws it upward by means of this trunk or proboscis. Nature recognised the fact that the insect had many enemies and that it must therefore take up in the shortest possible time the food it might discover. For that purpose the tongue is fitted at its free end with a curious padlike modification of the ordinary tracheal structure, which has puzzled some of those who have studied its uses.

Much discussion has arisen in regard to the reason for this peculiar formation of the fly's tongue, but it appears to be generally conceded by entomologists that nature has provided these singular ramifications of the instrument to assist in quickly taking up the drop of sweet or other liquid material. These narrow strips of horny substance that form the proboscis are curved, and are united to one another by a membrane that forms a tube split along the border of the tongue where it comes in contact with the food.

A FOREST OF DWARFS.

By methods as drastic in their way as the Chinese dwarfing of the feet of their women, the Japanese gardeners rear pines and other forest trees, which when fully grown are not more than a foot or two high. But in England (observes *Everyday Science*) there is a forest of dwarfs none of which ever increase in size, but remain and have remained for 500 years only 10ft high. They are the dwarf oaks of Wistman's Wood, on Dartmoor. Their position is curious. They extend for about five acres in the centre of the moor, at an elevation of 1500ft, and they spring up in the deep crevices of huge granite blocks, locally called a "clatter." There is no soil to be seen. The rocks are heaped together in such a precipitous confusion that no grazing animals ever cross the forest track. The toy-like oaks are in all respects remarkable. Most of them are of bushy or scrubby habit; some of them only 4ft in height, with fantastically gnarled and twisted branches, and often overgrown with shaggy lichens, and hanging moss, yet they are healthy, acorn-bearing trees, and yet none of them seems to be dead or dying. At the first glance they are like the stunted trees of Japan, but their sturdy little trunks measure 60 to 70 inches round. The wood was mentioed 300 years ago by a local historian, who described it in detail just as it exists to-day. It is believed to be a survivor of other similar groves which may once have occupied scattered areas upon the moor, and, owing to the protection of the granite rampart, it has survived them.